

# The Tragedie

Were red hotte Steele to seare me to the braine,  
Annoynted let me with deadly poyson,  
And die, ere men can say, God saue the Queene.

*Qu.* Alas poore soule, I enuie not thy glory,  
To feede my humor, with thy selfe no harme.

*Dut. Glo.* No, when he that is my husband now,  
Came to me as I followed Henries course,  
When scarce the blood was well waite from his hands,  
Which issued from my other angel husband,  
And that dead saint, which then I weeping followed,  
O, when I say, I lookt on Richards face,  
This was my wish, be thou quoth I accurst,  
For making me so yong, so old a widow.  
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haue thy bed,  
And be thy wife, if any be so badde  
As miserable by the death of thee,  
As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death,  
Loe, euen I can repeate this curse againe,  
Euen in so short a space, my womans heart  
Crossly grew captiue to his hony words,  
And prou'd the subiects of my owne soules curse,  
Which euer since hath kept my eyes from sleepe,  
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,  
Haue I enioyed the golden dew of sleepe,  
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,  
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,  
And will shortly be rid of me.

*Qu.* Alas poore soule, I pittie thy complaints.

*Dut. Glo.* No more the from my soule I mourne for yours.

*Qu.* Farewell, thou wofull welcomer of glorie.

*Dut. Glo.* A due poore soule, thou takst thy leaue of it.

*Du Yor.* Go thou to Richmōd, & good fortune guide thee,  
Go thou to Richard, and good Angels guard thee,  
Go thou to sanctuarie, good thoughts possesse thee,  
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,  
Eightie olde yeares of sorrow haue I scene,  
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

# of Richard the third.

*The Trumpets sound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby, with other Nobles.*

*King.* Stand all apart. Cosen of Buckingham,  
Giue me thy hand: *Here he ascendeth his throne.*  
Thus high by thy aduice

And thy assistance is King Richard seated:  
But shall we weare these honours for a day?  
Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them?

*Buc.* Still liue they, and for euer may they last.

*King. Ri.* O Buckingham, now I do play the touch,  
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:  
Yong Edward liues: thinke now what I would say.

*Buc.* Say on my gracious soueraigne.

*King.* Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

*Buc.* Why so you are my thrice renowned liege.

*King.* Ha: am I King? tis so, but Edward liues.

*Buc.* True noble Prince.

*King.* O bitter consequence,  
That Edward still should liue true noble Prince:  
Cosen, thou wert not wont to be so dull:  
Shall I be plaine? I wish the bastards dead,  
And I would haue it suddenly performde.

What saist thou? speake suddenly, be brieft.

*Buc.* Your Grace may do your pleasure.

*King.* Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindnesse freezeth,  
Say, haue I thy consent that they shall die?

*Buc.* Giue me some breath, some litle pause my Lord,  
Before I positively speake herein:  
I will resolue your Grace immediatly.

*Cat.* The King is angry, see, he bites the lip.

*King.* I will conuerse with iron witted fooles,  
And varespectiue boyes, none are for me  
That looke into me with considerate eyes:

Boy, high reaching Buckingham growes circumspect:

*Boy.* Lord.

*King.* Knowst thou not any whom corrupting gold

Would